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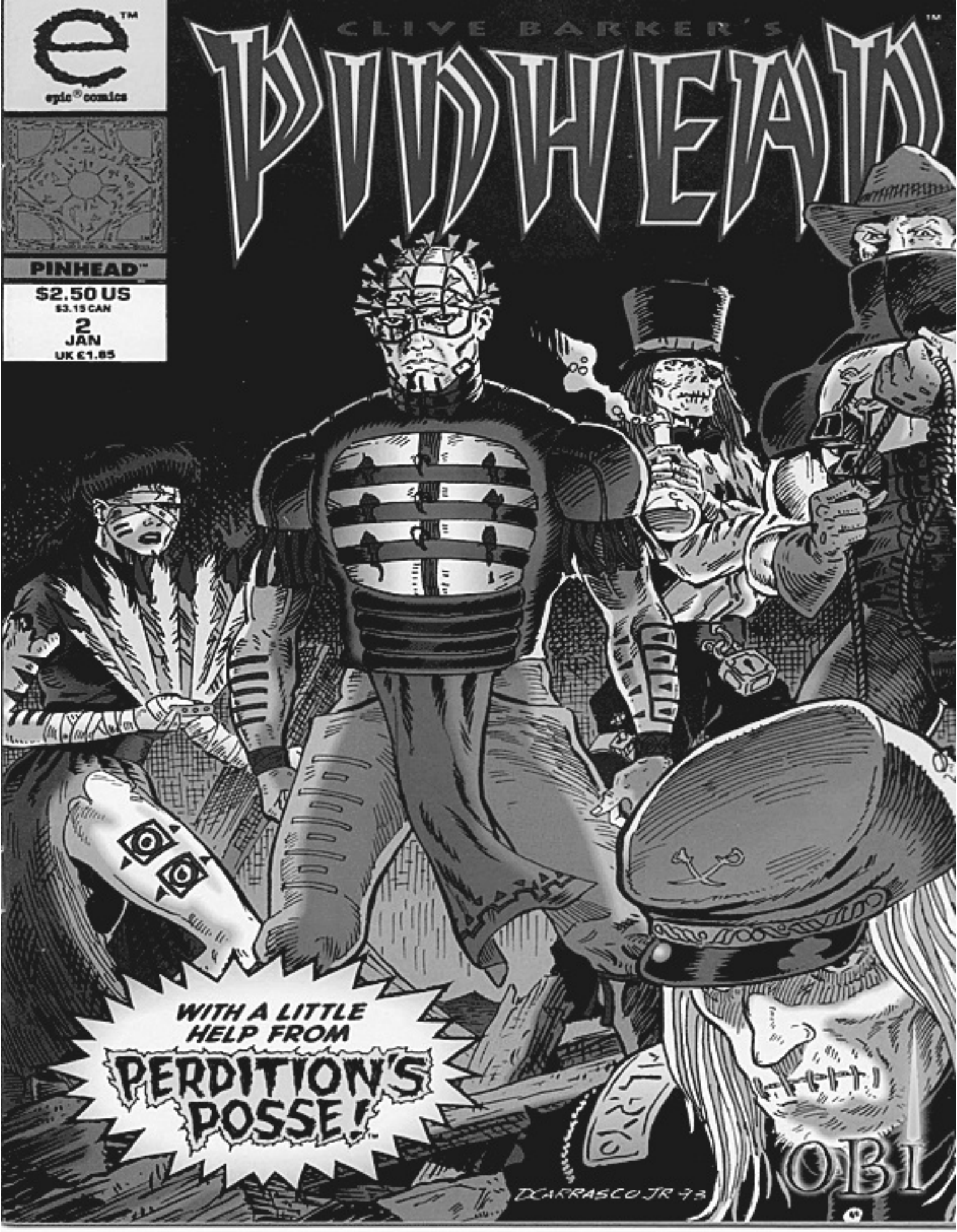
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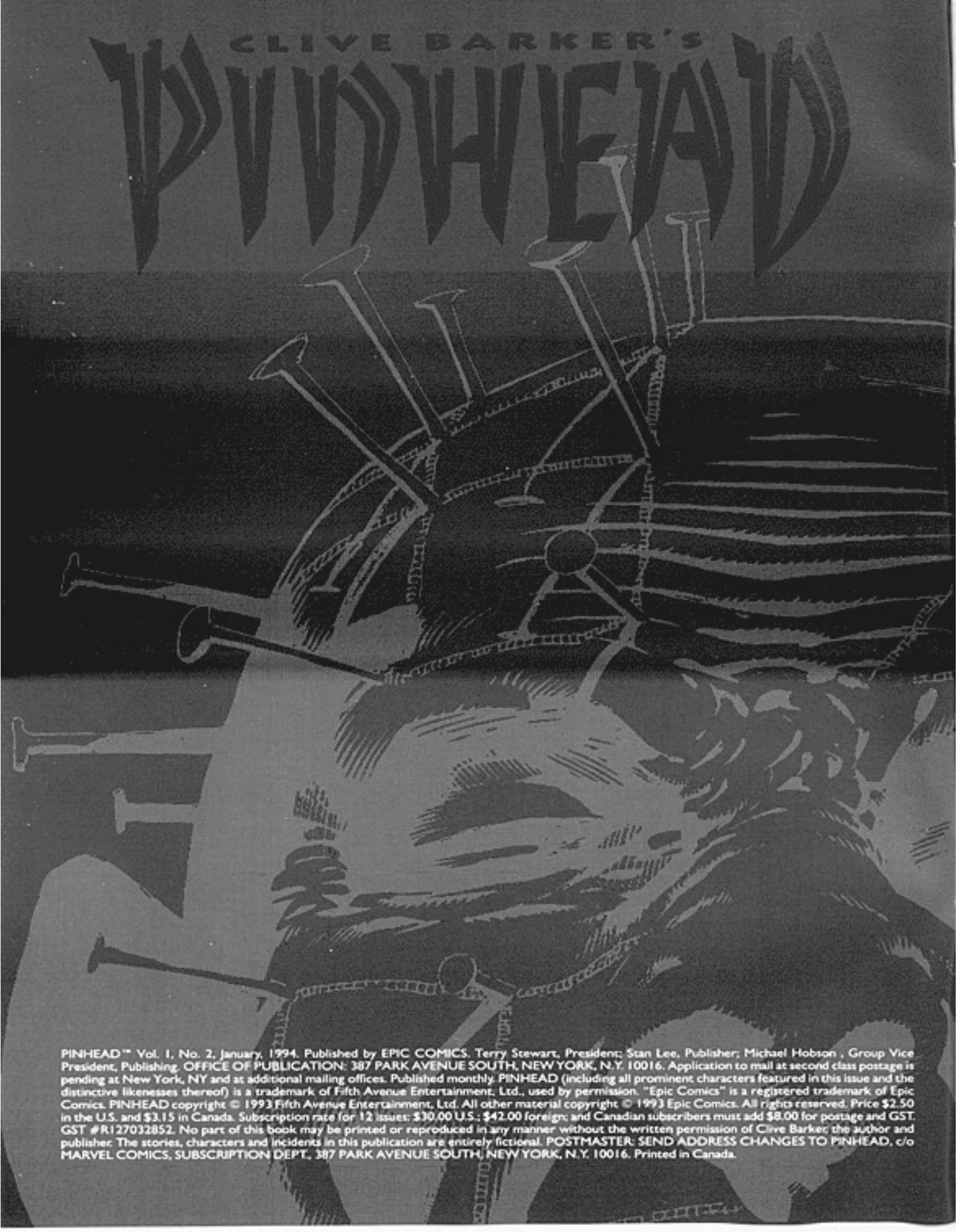

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THE GUNFIGHTER'S NAME IS DEADEYE BOB SLOAN.
NOT 'CAUSE HE'S A PARTICULARLY GOOD SHOT, 'CAUSE HE AIN'T.
THE "DEADEYE" IS ON A COUNT OF BOB'S FALLING ASLEEP ONE NIGHT IN A BOWL OF HOME BREW ALCOHOL--
--AND BURNING AWAY ONE OF HIS CORNEAS.
BUT EVEN HALF-BLIND, DEADEYE'S ABOUT AS GOOD AS THEY GET IN LOST CAUSE, COLORADO, IN THE YEAR 1879.
WHICH DOESN'T SAY MUCH, BUT IT'S KEPT WHAT PEACE THERE IS IN TOWN... UNTIL NOW.
DRAW!
DRAW!
YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING!
IT'S YOUR FUNERAL, "PARDNER"...
THAT AIN'T NO COLT PISTOL...

YOUR FUNERAL, AND EVERY OTHER HORSE-SHIT-STAINED COWBOY IN THIS BOOT HILL OF A TOWN!
BRAKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
THIS GUNFIGHTER'S NAME IS ATKINS.
THERE'S NO COLORFUL ANECDOTE BEHIND HIS NAME.
BUT ATKINS IS A DEMON CALLED A CENOBITE --

THE DEVIL YOU DON'T KNOW

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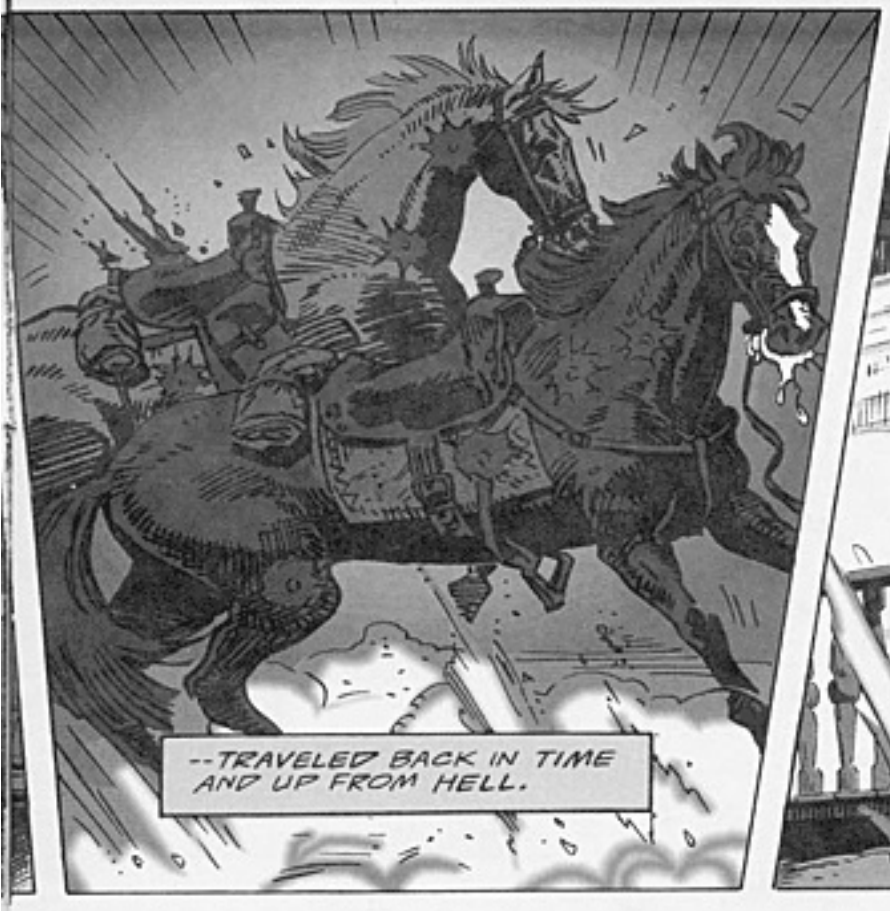


JAMMED!
KRNNK!
CHEAP, MOTHERLESS, MADE IN THE INFERNO PIECE OF CRAP!
WHOA, THERE, RIDER! TRY AND GET THE DROP ON ME?
YOU CAN JOIN THE REST OF THE POSSE IN AN UN-MARKED GRAVE!
MAKE HIM DROP IT, DIXIE!
TWIT TWIT
FAN DANCER'D LIKE YA'LL TO BE A LITTLE MORE GENTLEMANLY, SIR!
WHAT KINDA DEFORMED FREAKS--?!
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF! YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY BE THE BEST THEY'VE SENT TO HELP THE SCARRED HIDE!

-- PINHEAD! YOU'RE TALKIN' LEVIATHAN'S NUMBER ONE SON AND CHIEF BROWN NOSER, AIN'TCHA?
I KNOW NO "PIN-HEAD", BUT WE'VE HEARD THE WORD OF THE DARK GOD, LEVIATHAN.
WE HAVE TO RIDE, DANCER--
"SCARRED HIDE"? WHAT'RE YOU--
PTING
--"GUNSLINGER'S" BLOODBATH SEEMS TO'VE LEFT A FEW RIFLEMEN WITH THEIR TRIGGER FINGERS INTACT!
NOBODY'S PERFECT.
THE SUFFERER'S GUILD HAS NO PLACE FOR FRIVOLOUS ATTITUDES!
WESTERN UNION
I'D TELL YOU TO MAKE SOME ROOM, BUT I AIN'T INTERESTED IN JOININ', SWEETS!

JUST GET ME TO "SCARRED HIDE" SO'S I CAN GET THIS DAMNED MISSION OVER WITH!
A MIRACLE... TO HAVE SURVIVED THAT... IT'S--
DAMNATION.
THWMK
"GRAHAM BELL"
100 Miles to water
20 Miles to wood
6 inches to Hell
God bless our home
Gone to

HELL.
ALL YOU'VE HEARD, AND WORSE.
THERE HAS BEEN NO CHANGE, FACE--
--OUR MASTER'S VESSEL REMAINS HERE, HIS UNHOLY SPIRIT GONE TO LEVIATHAN KNOWS WHERE!
WE CAN IMPROVISE THE TRAGEDY, GEHENNA!
SINISTRARI'S DEVICE WAS TO SEND LEVIATHAN'S FAVORITE BACK IN TIME, SEARCHING FOR THE THREAT THAT IS MENACING HELL...
... INSTEAD, THE INVENTOR'S TREACHERY SENT ONLY THE TIMELESS ESSENCE WITHIN, PROJECTED BACK TO EARLIER INCARNATIONS!
"TREACHERY!" BASTARD LOCKED ME IN THIS WORKSHOP OVER A CENTURY! MADE ME SACRIFICE MYSELF TO THIS THING!
ORDER, BALBERITH! THE PRECISE RHYTHM TURNING THE WHEELS OF HELL! DO I DISRUPT IT SO? IS THAT TRULY WHAT UPSETS?
OR IS IT THAT YOU KNOW ATKINS' TRAVELS ONLY TAKE HIM ALONG FOR PART OF YOUR MASTER'S LONG JOURNEY?
YOUR PROTESTS ARE... IRRATIONAL, SINISTRARI, EMOTIONALLY ERRATIC. AN OFFENSE TO OUR SENSE OF ORDER.
THAT YOU WILL EACH BE FORCED TO JOIN THE PROCESSION IN YOUR OWN WAY AND TIME?
AND THAT YOU ARE ALL DOOMED TO FAILURE...

BACK IN 1879. OUTSIDE LEGACY, COLORADO.
DANGER
THE SUFFERER'S GUILD FOLLOWS THE TEACHINGS OF LEVIATHAN--
--THAT WE MIGHT BETTER UNDERSTAND THE TRANSCENDENT EXPERIENCE ENJOYED BY YOU CENOBITES!
"TRANSCENDENT'S" A PRETTY BIG WORD, SISTER. I THINK OF IT MORE AS "SCREWED"!
WE--WE GOIN' IN THERE?
SOMETHIN' WRONG, ATKINS?
NOT SO MUCH THAT AS...
"...BAD MEMORIES..."
AFRAID OF THE DARK?
SCARED OF LOSIN' YOUR ARMS TOO, DIXIE?
HE'S JUST CURIOUS, ATKINS! WE ALL ARE--YOU'RE NOTHING LIKE SCARRED HIDE, NOTHING LIKE WE'D BEEN LED TO EXPECT!
THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH GETTIN' OFF ON THE UNKNOWN, ISN'T IT? YOU NEVER REALLY KNOW WHAT'S UNDER THAT ROCK...
"...OR HIDING OUT DOWN THE TUNNEL, JUST AHEAD..."
WHY THE FANCY DIGS?
FATHER DONOVAN'S SERMON GOT SHERIFF ALDREN AND HIS DEPUTIES COMIN' AFTER SCARRED HIDE!
WE BRUNG THE LAWMEN DOWN HERE FOR SOME A' OUR OWN PREACHIN'!

MUTILATION IS THE BADGE THAT CAN NEVER BE TAKEN OFF, AND SETS US APART FROM ALL OTHERS.
PAIN IS IMPORTANT TO THE BONDING-- A PHYSICAL HORROR THAT BONDS US EVER TIGHTER TO ALL THOSE WHO HAVE PARTAKEN.
HALLELUJAH.

THE INTENSITY OF THE EXPERIENCE HELPS TO WIDEN THE GULF BETWEEN US AND THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET SHARED.
AH, ATKINS. I WAS JUST INSTRUCTING SNAKE OIL AND HANGMAN IN SOME RUDIMENTARY LESSONS.
DON'T LET ME STOP YA, TOP.
NICE LOOK YOU GOT GOIN' THERE, BY THE BY.
YOUR INVECTIVE WILL BE MEASURED IN AGONY LATER, ARMORER.
THIS FORM ANSWERS TO MY COMMAND... AS DO YOU. GO WITH FAN DANCER TO FIND THE SHERIFF...
...HIS REASONS FOR MOVING AGAINST US MAY POINT THE WAY TO THE REAL ENEMY.
LISTEN, "SCARRED", I DON'T RECON WITH NO SKIRT!
IF YOU DESIRE A DEBATE, CENOBITE, WE CAN BEGIN BY ARGUING WHICH OF YOUR INTERNAL ORGANS TO OFFER UP TO LEVIATHAN FIRST.
OH, THE SOFT SELL! I'M GOIN', TOP, ME AND THE MISSUS...

LEGACY'S VERSION OF BOOT HILL.
THE HANDS OF THE THING -- THINGS -- CALLING THEMSELVES AGGREGATE.
GOLD, FATHER DONOVAN. MEN KILL FOR IT, SELL THEIR SOULS FOR IT, DO MOST ANYTHING TO POSSESS IT.
TO THEM, IT'S A KEY, UNLOCKING THE WAY TO A BETTER EXISTENCE.
YES... OH YES! KEEP TALKING... JUST LET ME RUN MY HANDS ACROSS YOUR --
ENOUGH! WE'VE SATISFIED YOUR PERVERSE DESIRES, NOW DO YOUR PART TO SATISFY OURS!
THE POSSE'S NOT BACK YET...
THEY'LL COME... THEY'LL BE HERE, WITH THE DEMON! I LAYED IT ON THICK IN THE SERMON, JUST LIKE YOU --
SHUT UP, PREACHER!
THE SHERIFF HAS FAILED US -- MAKING IT ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE CENOBITE GOES ON THE ATTACK!
BEFORE THAT HAPPENS, YOU'RE GOING TO HELP US GET OUR HANDS ON OUR KEY, DONOVAN!
THE KEY THAT UNLOCKS HELL'S BLACK DIAMOND, LEVIATHAN, AND GIVES US ALL WHAT WAITS INSIDE...

DEEP IN THE LEGACY MINE, SHERIFF CHARLEY ALDREN REMEMBERS THE WORDS THAT SENT HIM THERE--
--SOUL-FIRIN' PREACHER'S TALK OF FIGHTING AGAINST EVIL BY FIRST LEARNING TO RECOGNIZE ITS FACES.
THUNK
CHARLEY ALDREN KNOWS THE LOOKS OF EVIL NOW, BUT HE WASN'T SURE WHICH ONE MOST SCARED HIM--
THE MINER WAS LEGEND, NOT JUST 'CAUSE HE'D BEEN LOST TRYING TO STEAL ANOTHER MAN'S CLAIM...
...BUT FOR THE WATCH HE WORE, STILL MARKIN' TIME LONG AFTER THE MAN HAD STOPPED.
JIM KELLY!
--THE HEATHEN SONUVA BITCH WITH THE ARROWS 'CROSS HIS SKULL, TALKIN' 'BOUT THE PLEASURES OF PAIN--
OMIGOD...
IT WAS SAID ITS TICKING MEANT CERTAIN DEATH FOR WHOMEVER HEARD ITS FATEFUL RHYTHM.
--OR THE LYIN'-TONGUED, BIBLE-THUMPER DONOVAN THAT'D LED THE GOOD SHERIFF DOWN THIS HOLE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
TICK TICK TICK
TRY AS HE MIGHT, HANDS OVER EARS UNTIL THE PRESSURE ABOUT BURST THE DRUMS, CHARLEY ALDREN COULDN'T BLOCK THAT TERRIBLE SOUND.

VIETNAM, DURING THE WAR.
DEEP IN THE TUNNELS THE V.C. BUILT TO CONFOUND THE ENEMY.
UH-UH! NOT ME, ASSHOLE!
KRAAK
BUDDA BUDDA
THIS PARTICULAR ENEMY BEING A U.S. SOLDIER ANSWERING TO THE NAME OF ATKINS.
UGG! TOO BRIGHT--
--CAN'T SEE!
GIVE IT UP, CHARLIE... I TRIPPED OVER YOUR ARM BACK THERE!
DO US BOTH A FAVOR AND LET ME PUT YOU OUTTA YOUR MISERY EASY!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF MISERY, G.I.?
MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW MORE, HMM? MAYBE THAT'S WHY YOU WALK THE TUNNEL, WHY YOU FOLLOW THE PATTERN!

THAT'S ONLY HALF THE PUZZLE, YOU KNOW... THE REST IS HERE!
WHAT IS THAT THING?! PUT-- PUT IT DOWN, CHARLIE, I'M WARNING--
--BUT THAT WOULD COME AFTER THE CENOBITES RESTRUCTURED HIS MALLEABLE FLESH TO SERVE IN LEVIATHAN'S HOLY WAR.
ATKINS WOULD LEARN THAT "REST" LATER--
--HOW OBSESSION SOLVED THE PUZZLES CALLED "LAMENT CONFIGURATIONS", HOW THEY OPENED THE DOOR TO HELL ITSELF--
IRONICALLY, THE VIETNAMESE --
-- A MAN NAMED NYEUNG --
--WAS MARKED TOO CHAOTIC FOR HELL'S RIGID SHOCK TROOPS, HIS SOUL DOOMED TO FEED THE HUNGER WITHIN LEVIATHAN ITSELF.
SHRAKOOM
...AND THAT'S MY STORY, SISTER. APPLAUD IF YOU WANT.
I STAND UP FOR SYMMETRY AND ALL THE OTHER GOOD FASCIST THINGS HELL MEANS...
...AND 'CAUSE I GET THE JOB DONE, THEY LOOK THE OTHER WAY AND LET ME DO IT MY WAY.
YOU'RE TOO LATE FOR ME, EVIL... TOO LATE FOR YOU, TOO. TIME'S RUNNING OUT.
TIME IS RUNNING OUT...
SO YOU NEVER SOUGHT OUT THE WAY OF PAIN?
CHRIST, NO! 'SCUSE THE EXPRESSION,
BUT LEVIATHAN'S TROOPS HAD THEIR OWN SET A' RULES, SAME AS UNCLE SAM. AND THAT'S, I GUESS, WHAT I NEEDED.
SOMETHING TO CONSIDER THERE, POPS! THERE'S A NEW SHERIFF IN TOWN, AND I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR ANY SHIT.
TICK TICK

SHOLLY'S GOOD TIME SALOON, LEGACY.
I'M TOLD YOU'RE A GAMBLING MAN, JED LAWSON. I'VE GOT A GAME FOR YOU.
STRAIGHT POKER, ONE HAND. I WIN, I GET EVERYTHING YOU OWN.
AND IF I WIN, STRANGER?
I GIVE YOU THE MOST VALUABLE THING ON EARTH.
THE GUARDIAN... JUST LIKE AGGREGATE SAID! PATIENCE... PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE.
MAY AS WELL HAVE ONE...?
THE MINE.
DON'T DO THIS TO YOURSELF, SHERIFF!
AT LEAST NOT UNTIL WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WANT FROM YOU!
THERE'S NOTHIN' MORE FOR ME HERE, LADY!
I'VE FAILED AS PROTECTOR, LETTIN' THIS EVIL INTO MY TOWN...
TICK TICK TICK
...AN' THE DEATH WATCH IS TICKIN'!
EVIL'S A RELATIVE THING, PARTNER. SOMEONE SET YOU ON OUR TAIL, KNOWING IT'D COME DOWN TO THIS.
GIVE US WHO!
EASY, ATKINS... GO EASY!
I DON'T KNOW... FEELS LIKE TRAFFICKIN' WITH THE DEVIL EITHER WAY--

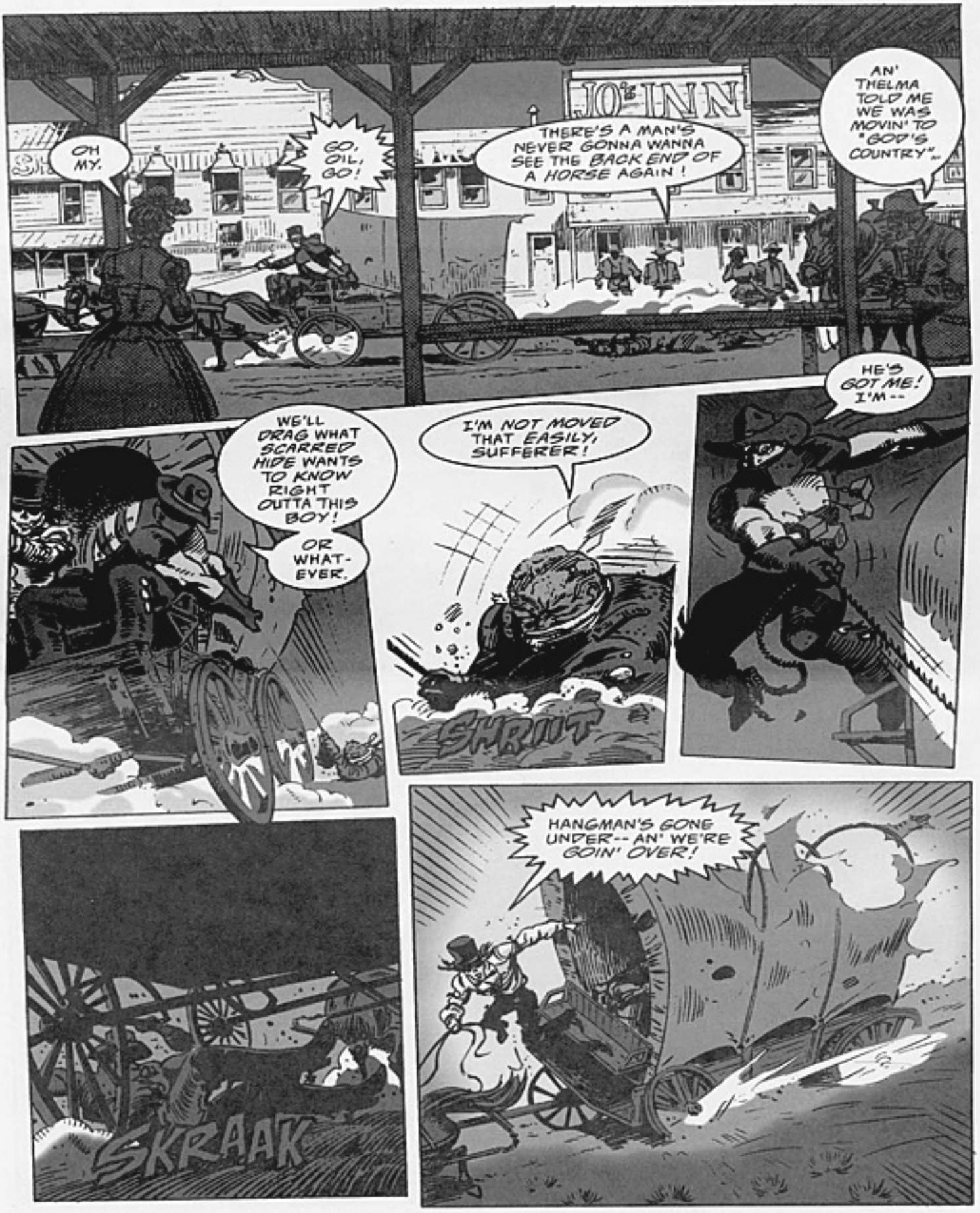
THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT THINGS, SHERIFF! HUMAN LIFE IS AN EXPERIENCE TO BE CARRIED AS FAR AS POSSIBLE!
THAT'S WHAT'S IMPORTANT -- NOT ARTIFICIAL LABELS OF "GOOD" OR "BAD"!
SOUNDS LIKE ANOTHER SERMON, LADY... AN' LOOK WHERE THE LAST ONE I LISTENED TO GOT ME!
BUT... BUT IF THERE'S SOMETHIN' MORE FOR ME... SOMEWHERE...
DON'T STAY ENTANGLED IN YOUR NARROW CONFINES -- LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT I'VE LEARNED, A NEW WORLD OF SENSATION!
I WANT TO...
KLCHINK!
I CAN'T... THIS IS WHO I AM!
NO!
FATHER DONOVAN -- HE DID THIS!
DANCER, DON'T!
I CAN STILL --
LOOK FOR HIM AT THE SALOON...
...DRINKING HIMSELF RANDY FOR ANOTHER GO AT HIS AGGREGATE!
HE'S GONE...
...I AIN'T LOSING YOU, TOO!
WHY... WHY THE SUDDEN CONCERN, SOLDIER?
YOU BELIEVE IN WHAT YOU SAY. I ADMIRE THAT.
WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE IN, ATKINS?
I BELIEVE IN SETTING THINGS RIGHT -- IT'S THE ORDERLY THING TO DO!
THE LAWMAN DIDN'T DESERVE WHAT HE GOT -- AND DONOVAN AND THIS AGGREGATE ARE GONNA HAVE TO BALANCE THAT OUT!

SHOLLY'S GOOD TIME SALOON.
LOOKS LIKE YOU WIN. BUT DON'T WORRY. WE MADE A WAGER, AND I SHALL LIVE UP TO ITS TERMS.
I SAID I WOULD GIVE YOU THE MOST VALUABLE THING ON EARTH, AND SO I SHALL--
--BY TAKING THIS WITH ME.
MY CONGRATULATIONS.
PHEW! MAYBE I BETTER MAKE TIME FOR CHURCH THIS SUNDAY!
DON'T LOOK FOR ME THERE...
SINISTRARI'S WORKSHOP, DEEP IN HELL.
EACH OF MY TATTOOS TELLS A STORY OF OUR HISTORY, BROTHERS...
... A PAST WE'RE IN JEOPARDY OF LOSING FOREVER!
ANOTHER IMAGE FADES -- ANOTHER PUZZLE IS ABOUT TO BE STOLEN AWAY!
AND ALL THE CENOBITES IT HAS BROUGHT TO US FROM THAT POINT FORWARD?
THEY... THEY WILL CEASE TO BE! LIKE THE OTHERS WE'VE ALREADY LOST -- WIPED CLEAN!
WHAT MORE HAS BEEN TOLD, GRIOT... OR FORETOLD?
STOP LIVING IN THE PAST, BALBERITH! HAVE GRIOT GET TO WORK ON INKING ME IN TO THE LAST CHAPTER IN HELL'S BOOK!
BE SURE AND GET MY GOOD SIDE...

OUTSIDE LEGACY.
DON'T KNOW ANYMORE, SNAKE OIL! IT'S ONE THING TO TALK AMONGST OURSELVES-- DOIN' A BODY PIERCIN' OR TWO--
--BUT DEALIN' WITH THESE THINGS FACE-TO-FACE... I JUST DON'T KNOW!
I'M WITH YA, HANGMAN, YES I AM!
BUT WE GOTTA CONSIDER--WE DONE THESE THINGS TO OURSELVES IN THE HOPES A' SEEIN' PAST "REAL LIFE'S" RESTRICTIONS!
DO WE SLAM THE DOOR NOW THAT IT'S JUST CRACKED ITS WAY OPEN?
SLEEP NOW, LITTLE BROTHER... SLEEP...
IT'S ONE THING PLAYIN' IT CLOSE TO THE VEST, IT'S ANOTHER TO PUT BLINDERS ON YOUR OWN TROOPS!
YOU KNOW WHAT'S COMIN' UP NEXT, DON'T YOU?
NOT IN A WAY YOU WOULD COMPREHEND, ARMORER.
YOU ARE IN THE HERE AND NOW, AND THAT MUST BE THE EXTENT OF YOUR VISION.
WHAT I AM-- WHAT I HAVE BEEN-- IS PART OF A LONG CYCLE STRETCHING BACK INTO THE DARK NIGHT.
IN THOSE SHADOWS HIDE IMAGES I CAN SEE...BUT NOT ALWAYS FULLY UNDERSTAND. AN IMBALANCE. A BITTER TASTE OF ANARCHY.
AND IN SUCH DISORDER MAY GROW THE SEEDS OF TRAGEDY...

LEGACY.
EXCUSE ME, STRANGER... I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU?
THE "GOOD WORD", MINISTER?
DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME. OR MINE, EITHER!
DEPENDS ON YOUR DEFINITION OF "GOOD", DON'T IT?
I LEFT BEHIND HEAVEN ABOVE A LONG TIME AGO, SIR...
...IT'S THE BOOK OF LEVIATHAN I READ TO YOU FROM NOW!
THE RITUAL--OF TRANSFORMATION!
THE WORDS WERE NEVER MEANT TO BE SPOKEN BY THE HUMAN TONGUE, OR HEARD BY THE HUMAN EAR.
FATHER DONOVAN CASHED IN HIS HUMANITY THE FIRST TIME HE TOOK PLEASURE IN THE MYSTERIOUS FOLDS OF AGGREGATE'S FLESH.
THE STRANGER, OF COURSE, WAS NEVER ANYTHING BUT INHUMAN--
--A CONFIGURATION GUARDIAN, HIDING BEHIND A CONVENIENT FACADE.
I'LL--I'LL TAKE THIS...
DON'T BE SO MODEST, MINISTER...
SHRAAAK
...YOUR INSOLENCE HAS WON YOU A PRIZE FAR GREATER THAN WHAT'S IN THAT TINY BOX!

IN TRUTH, YOU ARE NOT WORTHY OF ITS GIFTS!
I CONTINUE MY MISSION TO SEEK OUT OBSESSION--
--AND OFFER THOSE UNDER ITS SPELL A CHANCE TO OPEN THE DOOR TO THE WORLD BELOW!
WE CERTAINLY KNOW ABOUT OBSESSION, GUARDIAN!
SKREEE
SNAAP
NOT WHEN THERE'S NOW A CHANCE FOR ESCAPE! FOR ALL OF US...
BUT WE'VE DONE OUR TIME IN HELL, AND HAVE NO INTENTION OF EVER GOING BACK!
FWIT
...FOR THE REST OF US...
URRRK


OH MY.
GO, OIL, GO!
JO'S INN
THERE'S A MAN'S NEVER GONNA WANNA SEE THE BACK END OF A HORSE AGAIN!
AN' THELMA TOLD ME WE WAS MOVIN' TO "GOD'S COUNTRY"...
WE'LL DRAG WHAT SCARRED HIDE WANTS TO KNOW RIGHT OUTTA THIS BOY!
OR WHATEVER.
I'M NOT MOVED THAT EASILY, SUFFERER!
SHRIIT
HE'S GOT ME! I'M --
SKRAAK
HANGMAN'S GONE UNDER-- AN' WE'RE GOIN' OVER!

YOUR GUILD IS MISGUIDED-- YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT IT IS YOU SERVE!
KEEP CUTTIN', DIXIE -- WE OWE THE BASTARD FOR HANGMAN!
YOU MAY FEEL A SLIGHT BURNIN' SENSA-TION--
SPLAASH
--OR THE SKIN SIZZLIN' RIGHT OFF YOUR BONES, FOR THAT MATTER--
--RIGHT BEFORE YOU DIE!
MAYBE SO.
BUT THAT'S OUR CHOICE, ISN'T IT!

DEATH FOR US WAS A LONG TIME AGO!
WE ESCAPED...
AHHH!
HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU PUT THOSE THINGS YOU CALL HANDS!
DIXIE-- YOUR BLADES! MY BOTTLES!
I CAN'T DO NOTHIN' TO STOP MYSELF, OIL!
...WILL THE TWO OF YOU BE SO LUCKY?
DIXIE? SNAKE OIL?
OH NO-- PLEASE-- OH NO!
AGGREGATE, YOU WALKING ABORTION!
CHECK YOUR EMOTIONS, ATKINS. THIS IS NOT A MATTER OF REVENGE. WE ARE HERE TO PUT THINGS IN ORDER.

HOW'S ABOUT WE START BY PUTTING A BULLET IN THAT THING'S BRAIN?
KLICK!
WHAT IS THIS? I NEVER HAVE TO RELOAD!
MAYBE YOU'VE LOST TOUCH WITH YOUR CONNECTION BELOW, CENOBITE, hmmm?
DAMN YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
ARRGG
YOU'RE QUITE A BIT LATE FOR THAT, SUFFERER!
BACK OFF, DANCER. WE'LL PLAY IT "SCARRED HIDE'S" WAY.
FIRST GIVE BACK WHAT'S NOT YOURS!
AND THEN YOU ANSWER--
--WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? I'M-- SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO ME!

I'M NOT BEING PULLED BACK-- I'M BEING PULLED-- P-PULLED AWAY!
YOU'RE BECOMING NO MORE, CENOBITE! THAT CONFIGURATION WAS PART OF YOUR ORIGIN!
AND WHAT WE HAVE DONE HERE HAS DISRUPTED THAT PATTERN OF CREATION!
YOU WANT IT SO MUCH, FREAK--HERE'S A SPECIAL PRIZE INSIDE!
LEGEND'S GOTTA BE GOOD FOR SOMETHIN'!
YOU SHOULD THANK ME, CENOBITE... I MAY HAVE GIVEN WHO YOU WERE BEFORE A CHANCE AT NORMALITY!
HE DIDN'T WANT NORMAL! HE HAD WHAT HE WANTED--WHAT HE NEEDED--BEING WHO HE WAS!
NORMALITY IS THAT WHICH CUTS OFF THE SIXTH FINGER AND THE TAIL, AGGREGATE.
WHERE DO YOU FIT INTO AS AN ADVOCATE OF THE COMMONPLACE?
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW, PINHEAD?
OH, YES, I KNOW YOU, NO MATTER WHAT SKIN YOU HIDE WITHIN!
THEN WE HAVE MET BEFORE.
AND I WILL SEARCH THE SHADOWS FOR YOUR FACE... OR FACES.

TIME TO GO!
ON TO THE NEXT PIECE OF OUR PUZZLE!
NOT-- NOT SO FAST!
NOT IF I'VE GOT SOME-THING TO DO WITH IT!
OUR FOOT-- IT'S STUCK!
THWUK
LET ME GO! YOU'RE LETTING HIM GET AWAY!
HE HAS NOWHERE LEFT TO GO!

"...NOT IN THIS TIME."
TICK TICK
THIS ISN'T OVER, CENOBITE...
...FOLLOW US IF YOU DARE!
KLAKROOM

AGGREGATE'S GOTTEN AWAY... ATKINS IS GONE... MY GUILD'S BUSTED UP...
...WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE ME?
THIS SELF-PITY IS A SHAMEFUL THING, FAN DANCER.
YOU HAVE BRAVELY OPENED YOURSELF TO A REALM OF EXPERIENCE A FAR WEAKER BEING WOULD HAVE LONG SINCE SHIED BACK FROM.
YOU HAVE MY ADMIRATION...
...AND MY BLESSING.
GATHER WHAT HAS BEEN LEFT BEHIND OF AGGREGATE. ANOTHER WILL COME THIS WAY TO STUDY THEM AND FIND WHERE THEY FIT IN.
THE SCARIFIED BODY OF A SIOUX INDIAN FALLS HEAVY TO THE GROUND --
--THE DOMINANT SPIRIT INSIDE MOVING ON IN A BRILLIANT CRACKLE OF TEMPORAL ENERGY.

THE CHURCH OF SAINT-MEDARD.
PARIS, 1728.
WHAT CONTINUES IN THE CHURCH-YARD, FATHER DE PAIGE, THESE CONVULSIONAIRES -- I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO CALL THEM MIRACLES...
OR A SURE SIGN OF HELL'S INFLUENCE HERE ON EARTH.
I KNOW, MAGISTRATE DE MONTGERON. I AM DEEPLY TROUBLED.
WE CAN ONLY HOPE AND PRAY THAT THE EMISSARY THE VATICAN HAS SENT CAN HELP IN ANSWERING THESE QUESTIONS.
I HAVE HEARD THE MONSIGNOR IS WELL VERSED IN SUCH... ARCANE MATTERS.
HMMM. YES. SO IT WOULD APPEAR...
THE HOLY FATHER SENDS HIS GREETINGS...

NEXT: MORE MAYHEM AND MONSTROSITY IN THIRTY DAYS...

"SPEAK OF THE DEVIL!"